

This dole crowner gallows me  
As this mere welkin hallowed be  
Whereupon I trick and train and tire  
To limn my umbered love in fire

Before this noble mare bewrays  
As I clearly see it decays  
In debile coil of smoke suspires  
May our last orison quickens as we  
Are drumbling near this poize of free

Quell me maculate slowly dyer  
Case my remains with sharpened brier  
Atone me to my throes curtail  
To dim and dire fields I vail  
And my eale's but a slumbering liar  
Then so lingered here but none  
To buckle back what had begun

In molten aeons caged desire  
Dared phantasma us much higher  
Ceased to milch the clover flower  
Neither raindrops nor my lover  
Shall restore what has been done  
When we're all keeled in freezing sun